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## Advice to Union Workers

And Some Other Things.

Advice to union labor, based on the discourse of one who likes unions about as much as cowboys like rattlesnakes:

"Keep contracts, avoid strikes, don't split up into factions, with good workmen fighting each other. High wages are here, they are going to stay, and high wages are extremely DANGEROUS to labor organizations."

An able citizen, who has accumulated a few scores of millions and for whom thousands of men have worked, said yesterday: "I am not worrying any more about union labor and its power."

"The next fight will be between Gompers, Lewis, etc., and the ordinary nonunion workingman, with whom strikes interfere. The man who can get five to ten dollars a day, steady work, doesn't want to stop work because somebody says so. You can put it down that the closed shop will soon be a thing of the past."

Unless union workers and their leaders are wise, the above prediction will come to pass.

Unions are strong when wages are low, work scarce, and the pressure of necessity compels men to stick by each other and work together.

These are the days of high wages, work for everybody; and the average worker, not thinking much about others, does not want to be bothered with strikes that interrupt his earnings.

This applies especially, it must be remembered, to those recently arrived in America. When they get five or ten dollars a day they do not need all of it to live. They can live on \$1 or \$1.25 in spite of the high cost of living.

The apparent collapse of the steel strike indicates that crowds of workmen getting for unskilled labor the pay formerly given to the skilful men have their mind on the pay envelopes, not on winning a strike or on establishing a principle.

The captain of a ship is careful in a storm. The storm of prosperity, not the storm of poverty, is most dangerous to the ship of organized labor, and wise leaders will realize it, keep their forces together, keep their men earning.

Labor troubles have their good side. Little boys were used on the "breakers" in coal mines, picking pieces of sharp slate out of the coal, often with bleeding fingers. That went on as long as little boys were cheaper and more convenient than machinery. When the law began to interfere with child labor, machines began to come in.

Just at present the miners are selling you the slate with the coal.

The latest demonstration of labor trouble as promoter of progress comes in the great telephone system of the country.

The automatic telephone has been known for years. It could perfectly well have been developed, used everywhere, saving loss of time and irritation. But labor was cheap; why bother? Girls used to be put to work at three dollars a week in the beginning. Now they are put to work at \$12, and they don't stay.

So the telephone company is going to use the automatic machine because it HAS to. The only thing that pushes men forward is trouble. Labor trouble develops machinery, as tire trouble developed the wonderfully good tires of today.

Sir George Paish, of the British treasury, says that a hundred millions of Europe are in danger of starving. Needless to say, America is looked upon to stop that. America should and doubtless will do all possible. But something could be done abroad.

For instance, another Englishman asks how soon the British government is going to stop building only warships in the national yards and begin building commercial ships that will give useful employment?

If Europe would stop spending billions getting ready for future war, some money might be spent for the hundreds of millions that are going to starve.

One cause for the high price of silver probably is this: Money is cheap; all nations are printing billions of paper money that will be good some day or other, perhaps. There is no limit to the amount of paper that nations can print. But there are limits to the amount of silver that can be produced. The hundreds of millions that live in Asia like something that they can feel and weigh, something that always has had value, so they are accumulating silver. And, by the way, a Mexican dollar, that was worth about half a dollar when our men went down to the border, is now worth more than a dollar. A dollar is worth fifty cents, therefore fifty-five cents' worth of silver is worth one dollar and five cents.

## That's Just the Way



## Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of Workers Here Especially For Washington Women

Dear Miss Fairfax:

Before my marriage to a prominent business man about town, I had the reputation of being quite a good sport among men, and one of them, a young doctor, whom I knew well and who makes frequent visits to our house, being a friend of my husband's, who is forever reminding me of my past, and trying to take advantage of me.

It he meets me on the street its always with the following greeting, "Hello kid, getting so proud and proper now that you've married, eh?"

This man worries me to death and really makes me feel as if there is no use in trying to be good if you've once been bad—and still to profess to be a good friend of my husband. Is there anything I can do to relieve the situation and what do you think of a man who just tries to make a woman's life miserable by persecuting her in this manner?

It takes all kinds of people to make up the world and unfortunately there are too many like the doctor. Under the circumstances, I see nothing to do except to avoid him as much as possible and be dignified and aloof when you do have to meet him. There are some men to whom an appeal might have some effect. Why not ask him to be a good fellow and refrain from referring to things that are past. He may have a spark of decency left which will respond. Don't ever doubt that there is "any use in trying to be good." Stick it out if only for the sake of the good man who married you and is treating you so well.

On With the New Before She Was Off With the Old.

When I was seventeen, I met a young man for whom I care very much. He always seemed to think as much of me, but I guess he didn't because a year later, he went to Richmond without telling me and enlisted in the marine corps. When I next heard he was at Fort Rorty, S. C. He asked forgiveness for what he had done, and if I'd be true and wait for him. Being young and foolish I forgave him. His time is up in March, and we are engaged to be married. I have met another fellow I care a great deal for. He seems to think the world of me and begs me to marry him. He is an intelligent fellow of thirty-one, a good manager and has a good position. The other fellow has no trade and nothing saved. I know the fellow of thirty-one would make the best husband. But I am afraid I would not be happy with him, as I loved the marine first and love him yet, and every time I see him he acts as though he care more for me, and tell me he would be happy when he is free from service, so we can be married.

Would I be treating him wrong

### Answers to Correspondents

to marry another. I have never told him I ever went out with another fellow. UNDECIDED.

Your own heart must decide this question. Marry the man you think would make the better companion for a lifetime. Sit down by yourself and figure out which man means the more to you and which has made you the happier. Ask yourself which interests you more—the prospect of seeing and spending an evening with the Marine or with the man of thirty-one. The question of whether you are treating him wrong or not ought never to come up for consideration. There is no greater wrong you could do him than to marry him if you do not love him and no greater wrong you could do yourself than to marry either of these men unless your heart tells you the course is right!

West Pointer's Love Has Evidently Cooled.

MY DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am very much in love with a young man who is at West Point and I did think the feeling was mutual, but now I am a bit uncertain. The night before he went back (after a month's leave) he came up to my home to say good-by and he promised to write the first chance he had, that was the first of October, but I have not heard a word from him. Then, about two weeks ago I thought probably he was ill, so I wrote him and have not yet received an answer. It could be that he is ill or that he has written and the letter been lost, but, at any rate, I am puzzled. We parted the best of friends. I did not think I would like to write again, because if he has no

desire to write to me I don't want him to think I am running after him, as it were. WINSTON.

One letter MIGHT get lost but even with our postal service, it is very doubtful if the same fate could befall two letters. Were he too ill to write, it would not only be probable, but almost certain that he would have someone write or telegraph you. I would content my soul in peace, as far as possible, and wait. You can do nothing more and not sacrifice your self-respect.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young man of 21 years. I am employed in a Government office and am the only young man in the office which contains several young ladies. Before I came to this office I was considered very modest and sedate. The young ladies in the office are pretty lively and I have heard many things I did not know before about girls. I have tried to show my dislike for some of their talk but it does no good. What would you do in this case? HARASSED.

I should not pay the slightest attention. The more they see they can disturb or tease you the bolder they will become. If you concentrate on your work and they see you are not paying the slightest attention to them, they will realize they have lost their "audience" and will probably quiet down. Don't judge all girls by these. There are some "wild women" employed downtown but they are not typical of the American girl of today.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young man, nineteen years of age, and for the past year have been going with a young girl (A) one year my senior. Although I

see her quite often, we correspond regularly. This girl (A) has a girl friend (B), who within the past two months wrote me a letter of no importance, which I answered. Since then she has been corresponding with me regularly also. She has confessed her love for me, although she knows I love A, and also knows of our close friendship. A and I frequently go to dances, theaters, etc., and she seems to care a great deal for me, although she has never mentioned it. Do you think it would be proper for me to keep corresponding with B? It doesn't seem to me a fair way to treat A. I have never been out with B except to parties, and then she had a friend. I am sure to get in bad with A if she learns of my relations with B. The two girls are close friends, and B declares she has not said anything to A of her letters to me. It looks very funny to me, and I fear it might be a frame-up to test my love for A. A. B. K.

Play the game squarely and then you won't have to lose any sleep worrying about a frame-up or anything else. You never can tell what two young girls will be up to when they get their two fair heads together. Miss A sounds the more modest and sincere to me. Why not show your appreciation of a decent girl by playing fair with her?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young man of twenty-three, am madly in love with a girl of nineteen, whose people object to me—mainly because I am not wealthy. She is attractive and they have determined to marry her to wealth. The girl has different ideas. She wants to marry for love. She does not admit she loves me but likes me more than anyone she knows of. I know she does love and will not give in. I am not making enough to give her the home she is accustomed to and she is willing to work and help. Would you advise her to listen to her people and give me up immediately? I would rather give her up than see her suffering through the nagging she has to take from her mother. I personally believe the mother is looking out for her own happiness more than for the daughter's.

HOPING HARRY.

Don't be too quick to judge the motives of others, but do all you can to prevent this girl or any other from making a loveless marriage. There isn't any game worth winning that doesn't require a struggle, and it looks as though you would have to put up a big fight if you are to win this one. It would be a mistake for her to marry even you until she is older and has a better chance to judge what kind of a man she wants to live with for the rest of her life.

## This Congress Can Raise the Entire Standard of American Education

By EARL GODWIN.

Teachers are the most valuable people on earth, next to mothers. They are the poorest paid class, next to ministers.

Now that the teachers of the public schools of Washington have gone before the Congressional Committee on Pay Reclassification, Congress has a chance to show the nation what the standard of pay for teachers should be.

Washington's teachers are better off than they were a few years ago, but even now they do not receive an adequate return for their importance. If Congress will grasp the significance of the situation, it will take a step for the advancement of the standard of teachers all over the country. Eventually it would mean a nation better educated. Congress should set a valuation on teachers.

That in itself will tell the world that a teacher is worth a certain sum—AND NOT A CENT LESS.

A teacher in Washington is worth just as much as a teacher in Boston. A teacher in the farthest rural district is worth just as much as a teacher in the finest city neighborhood—and perhaps MORE. A teacher is worth a big investment in public funds, because the teacher is developing the men and women of tomorrow.

We pay window washers, chauffeurs, and steamfitters more than we pay the teachers to whom we entrust our children. We take forty American children in Washington, put a teacher over them, and pay her twelve hundred dollars a year after a long term of service. We take forty children in Boston and pay the teacher fifteen hundred dollars, perhaps; we take forty children in a neglected mountain region—WHERE EDUCATION IS NEEDED BADLY—and pay forty dollars a month for it.

We will pay sixty dollars for a tire for a small automobile and kick because educating our children costs as much per year. The average cost of educating an American school child is small.

We have set up a little red schoolhouse and worked up a lot of maudlin sentiment about it, claiming it is the bulwark of American liberty and strength. That sort of stuff is good only for Fourth of July speeches and flag raisings. The fact remains that all the little red schoolhouses on earth will do no good unless there is a good teacher inside. Time was when a teacher would take the job for her board and a hundred dollars a year. That time is gone. So is the time when a graduate of the normal school will accept a position in a city public school when she sees women with no education at all drawing several hundred dollars a year MORE than the trained teacher.

Educating American children is worth money. Let's pay it!

Once more: Congress has a wonderful opportunity to raise the standard of education by setting a high standard of teachers' pay.

## HEARD AND SEEN

Some day the United States Government will quit fooling and get down to work just like a soap factory or any other ordinary business unit. These burning thoughts are inspired by the sight of a stenographer sitting idly at her desk, pad in hand, waiting for her chief who talked for one hour with three gentlemen who called to negotiate something or other with the department.

A stenographer's time is valuable. But it depends entirely upon the disposition of her boss's time. When he is called away from dictation she frequently has nothing to do. In these days when ingenious men have manufactured office devices for machine dictation, there is no reason for losing time in any office. Dictating to a machine is the biggest time saver I know of except the telephone and the sleeping car.

A. WADE WELLS sends me a copy of "The Defender," a paper published by the National Tobacco League of America, and is of course supported by the opponents of the anti-tobacco movement. I'll make a bet with any long faced blue nosed reformer that we'll be smoking tobacco for the next ten thousand years.

I know well that Uncle Earl will be smoking tobacco whenever the spirit moves. How about YOU?

Attractive Bank Clerk.

Having read and noted items in regard to the Handsome Drug Clerk why not denote a little time to our Attractive Bank Clerks. I having the pleasure and honor to nominate the clever young man who is receiving and signs initial "J" in the Equitable Building Association. Look him over. H. D. B.

Kicks About Postoffice Store Dues.

About two years ago at the General Postoffice the clerks started a Co-operative store for the purpose of buying groceries and provisions; the heads of the movement stated that each clerk would be assessed \$1 to begin business with the understanding that if any additional money was needed an additional 50 cents would be called from each member. This 50 cents was called for early in the year 1918 and since then nothing more about assessment was said for one year and a half. A short time ago, Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Blakesley took the presidency and as a result last week word went around stating that no clerk could get any sugar unless they paid up their back dues of \$1.50. This is the first said about dues. The store is supposed to be self supporting. What do you know about this? A VICTIM.

Ye Ed has been browsing about among the church societies lately and is now broke. (Now is the time to pay up your subscription.) One church supper charged \$1 for supper with plum pudding and if you wanted ice cream you had to pay 30 cents more and at that you didn't get any plum pudding.

The last one Ye Ed attended was over to HARRY WARDMAN's place and was given by All Souls Church. HATCH STERRETT, the handsome minister was there in regular clothes. FRANK BRIGHT was among these present and ate a large piece of turkey.

A. M. McALLISTER and I are having a time, I tell you. My troubles arise because I can't induce ANYBODY in Washington to put in two radiators and supply me with a brand new air tight up-to-the-minute garage door. Every one I approach on the subject (or rather both subjects) seems to be so cluttered up with work that I can't get a hearing.

Friend McALLISTER seems to have troubles along a somewhat similar line. I'll let him tell the story:

"Listen I am moving into the basement under the New National Theater. Had to have a wooden tank. So I waylaid a carpenter who was working next door and led him to the job. Said he was awful busy but could do the job for twelve bucks. When I recovered I led him out, bought three dollars worth of lumber and have as good or better tank."

"Had to have the tank piped so when I saw a plumber getting his teeth filled, I grabbed him and led him to the job. He wore out a lead pencil and a lot of paper figuring on cost of material, which he said came to \$8.70 but he would do me a favor and do the work for \$18.00. Was so badly rattled that I told him to go ahead, but he never showed up."

"Bought the material which together with labor of fitting, cost \$2.78. Paid the janitor one buck to connect the pipes and have a first class job. Wanted the tank lined with zinc, man was awful busy but would do it for ten dollars. Lined it myself for two dollars and fifteen cents."

Wanted a sign painted. Man said was very busy said could paint it for \$6.50. Told him was a sign painter myself. Said he would do it for three dollars. Have no sign yet but am hopeful. Still wonder at Crime."